Vol. IV. Numb. 11

The EXAMINER.

From Friday *June* 19, to Monday *June* 22, 1713.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum;
Si vis esse aliquis.——— Juvenal.

THE *Whigs* might with a tolerable Colour of Reason defend themselves against the Odious Imputation of being a *Faction*, if they could plead, that the Cause they are now embark'd in, was undertaken out of Regard to the *Interest* of the *Church*, or to support the *Prerogative* of the *Crown*, or to maintain the *Privileges of Parliament*, or the *Rights* and *Liberties* of the *Collective Body* of the *People*: But since they are utterly disown'd by every one of these Powers, and stand at open Defiance to the Bulk of their Countrymen, without any Pretence for the Opposition they give us, either as good *Church-men*, good *Loyalists*, good *Representatives*, or good *Commonwealth's Men* and *Subjects*, it remains, that they must at least have a Sett of Principles to themselves, which however False and Erroneous, may yet be the Result of their Judgment, and the Dictates of their Conscience, so that they are bound to adhere to them, and may claim the Privileges allowed to *Temporal* as well as *Spiritual Dissenters*, that is, to be *Tolerated* at least, tho' not *Trusted*, and to be used with Tenderness and Compassion. But even this Shelter is too thin to save them: They would be thought to Rise upon the Senseless Whims and Cant of *Original Britanism*, and to be somewhat more Moderate than the *Whigs* of *Forty One*; though that Part of their Conduct may rather be owing perhaps to want of Opportunity, than a true Penitential Reforming Principle. As for the *Whigs* of King *Charles*'s Reign, when compar'd with the Moderns, they may be truly stiled,

Magnanimi Heroes, nati melioribus annis.

The Spawn, we are plagued with, are but mere Pretenders, fit only to be *Abjur'd* by all true Lovers of Sedition and *Democracy*, in their Primitive Purity. They are a Bastard Race, unworthy that Name, or at least Justly Degenerate, and worse Fumblers than their *Great Grand-fathers*. Such of them, as were *Seconds* in the Business of the *Revolution*, acted upon quite other Maxims, and with a View to other Ends than those which are now openly avow'd and pursued by their Followers with so much Warmth and Precipitation. In fact, the *Present Sett* of *Whigs* agree with their Forerunners, and with what themselves once were, only in some General Points, such as the Promoting of Jealousies and Dissentions, opposing the Church, Railing at the Clergy, Insulting the Crown, and the like; but as to particular Articles, either with regard to the Liberties and Rights of the People, or the Care and Welfare of Posterity, they manage the most absurdly and inconsistently, both at home and abroad, of any Body of People, whose Remains are not yet dwindled to Nothing: Neither is there any one Scheme, or Fundamental in their Politicks, formerly profess'd by them, which they have not notoriously violated and trod under Foot, without taking up better Principles in their room; but with a Design, if possible, to grow every Day worse and worse. Since then they have no one Part of the Government on their Side, nor so much as a *Foreign Ally* left, to Bully or Cajole in their Behalf: Since they have neither any permanent Conscience, nor Fix'd System of Principles, to excuse those who Tolerate them; what can they say, why they ought not to be Condemn'd as a Notorious incorrigible *Faction*; a Conspiracy, held together and cemented by Agreement in Vices, by an Ambition and Avarice, a Spirit of Sedition and Variableness, inconsistent with the Welfare of Societies, and the very Being of Laws and Government? Or if this be not a *Faction*, I would gladly know what is the *Idea* that Tallies to that *Word*. The worst of it is, that even in this bad Cause, the far greater Number of the People engag'd, are not Covetous or Ambitious for themselves: Their Clamours, Murmurs, Animosities, and other vexatious Vertues, are all Farmed out, and Dedicated to the Service of a *Few*. There is a sort of Honour and Generosity in their being Troublesome and Seditious; since others are to reap the Fruits of it. It seems, they take Iniquity to be its own Reward. They are content to be made the worst of Slaves; Slaves to the Vices and Lusts of their Masters, the Pimps and Pandars of insatiable Ambition. They are willing to lend their Shoulders towards pulling down that goodly Fabrick, which must crush them with its Ruins; or towards exalting those in Triumph, who when up will ride them to Death, and gall the Necks that lifted them above the common Level. All our Domestick Dissentions may be resolved into a personal Quarrel, the Revenge and Malice of a *Discarded Ministry*: And this still adds to the Nature of *Faction*, and is the compleat Essence of that accursed Being, work'd up to the heighth of Rancour and Inveteracy. A Government, which hath stood so many Centuries, and made such a Figure in *Europe*, must be disturb'd and endanger'd, for the sake of a *few Names*, so Worthless and Inconsiderable, that there was no Probability of their being mention'd any longer, than the Mischiefs shall last, which their Blessed Owners have Projected.

If the *Leaders* of the *Whigs* do not succeed in attempting to make their *Exit* more Remarkable and Conspicuous than their *Entry*, Posterity will be at a Loss for the Characters and Encomiums of those Illustrious Men, who have been the Occasion of Disturbing, Vexing and Incommoding the Greatest *Queen*, the Wisest *Ministry*, the Best *Parliament*, the Purest *Church*, and most Loyal *People*, that were ever yet Happy in one another; who have been Instrumental in trying to Dissolve this Blessed Union, and to mingle them in one common Sacrifice. It is certain, these *Modern Heroes* are made a different way from the *Antients*: They are too full of themselves to Love either Mankind, or their own Country. Their *Party* is the *Publick*; and Mischief to the *One*, is Service to the *Other*. He who Thwarts the wisest Councels, who Creates new Difficulties for the Government to get over, who Invents or Spreads a Lye with the best Grace, who Attacks the *Ministry* with the most Saucy Invectives, raises a Spirit of Sedition by the quickest *Magick*, or gives the worst Turn to whatever is said and done for the Publick Service; He is the *Patriot*, the *Hero*, the Favourite of his Party. The Cry immediately runs high for him: He is Hugg'd and Caress'd for those very Actions and Qualities, for which so many of his Predecessors, in the same Cause, came to an untimely End. The blackest Crimes, and most apparent Blemishes in his Character, are either studiously conceal'd, or miraculously transform'd into Beauties and Vertues.

Vertues. His very Vices are all Sanctified, and Coloured over with a Holy Gloss. The *Pragmatical* Fellow is *Industrious*; the *Impudent*, *Couragious*; the *Lyar*, a *Person* of *good Intelligence*; the *Clamourer*, a *Lover* of *his Country*; and the *Libeller*, a *Wit*; whilst Bigotry, and Perseverance in the Wrong, serve to fill up the largest *Vacuum*, and to make the most accomplish'd *Blockheads*, Men of Constancy, Sincerity, and Zeal for the Publick.

Among the *Whigs* a great *Genius*, a fine polite Scholar, and an encourager of Learning, is one, who with a Song and a half of his own, and by *Fathering* the Wit he should only have *nurs'd*, has set up for the Character of *Gallus* and *Mæcenas*; and can now bear to hear himself miscall'd so, in stum'd *Panegyricks* and fulsome *Dedications*. His Apartments, his Table, his Smiles, and other Favours, are all prostituted to the Corruption of those Talents in his Followers, which he would be thought to encourage. How many fine Youths has he Poyson'd and Sowr'd with the Dregs of *Faction*? Inspir'd them with a Rage entirely *Unpoetical*, and when the *Spring* of the *Muses* ought to run Pure and Unmix'd,

(Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam)

how often has he turn'd the whole Sink and Canal of *Party*, into the richest Veins of *Helicon*? *Poverty* who was a much nobler Ornament of Wit, than *Bawdry*, *Blasphemy*, *Heresy*, *Scandal* against the *Clergy*, and *Rallery* upon *Religion* and *Government*, which have brought so many Bards to Court, under the Tuition and Care of such Illustrious Patrons; the only Place at that time fit to receive them, when, in the Judgment of every Pagan Swain of tolerable Refinement, they had made themselves unworthy of the Woods, the Lawns, and the Oaten Reed. Had *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Ovid* flourished under this *Mæcenas*, the *Metamorphosis* had been all a *design'd Banter* upon the *Pagan* Theology, the *Odes* a Collection of *Lampoons*, and the *Æneis* one continu'd *Satyr* upon *Augustus* and the *Roman State*. The *Compotations* and *Convivia*, mentioned in the *Classicks*, had been all of the *Kit-Cat* kind: The *Criticks* had been let loose upon every Author, who did not favour the Party of *Brutus*, and nothing had descended to us, but *Roman* Libels and Invectives.

Aristides's Talents are of greater weight; and his Endeavours after glorious Mischief, in the Service of the Cause, carry more of the Air of a States-man and Politician. His knowledge in the Laws, and the opportunities he once had of obliging the People of that Profession, make him a fit Instrument for promoting the Interest of his Party, both on the *Bench* and at the *Bar*. He knows what Statutes are proper to be laid asleep: What Laws and Customs are capable of being strain'd or perverted in the handsomest manner: Where an Advantage may be taken of the *Church* or the *Crown*, under the most plausible Colour: By what Methods an offending Brother may be skreen'd from Justice; and who are the proper Orators, the Fellows of *Fire* and *Forehead*, fit to be entrusted with a bold Speech, or some daring Sentences, such as it better becomes him, under the oily Surface of pretended *Moderation*, to dictate to others, than to utter or pronounce in Person. *Aristides* is as much of a *Divine* as *Speculation* can make him, or as is necessary for a good Church-Engineer, who ought to have a compleat Plan of those Fortifications he designs to demolish. He can Tutor the *Right*, or the *most Reverend*, and Instruct them, how much of that *Miter*, which he gave them entire, they should generously part with, for the Good of the Brethren: Can give Hints for a *Charge* to a *Diocese*, and tell what Marches the *Ecclesiastical Drum* ought to beat next; and what Fears and Jealousies are fit to be propagated in City or Country. He is deeply engag'd in Correspondence beyond Sea, and has often barter'd for Crowns and Provinces in the Foreign Markets. The obstructing of a *Treaty*, or the Penning of a *Timely Memorial*, are Undertakings worthy his Genius. He can make a *Herald* of an *Envoy*, and an *Invader* of an *Exile*.

But when *Verres* appears, all other Whig-Heroes must give way to his superior Character and Performance. *Verres* has not a Limb about his Body, nor a Passion or Faculty in his Soul, which is not dedicated entirely to the Service of the Cause. He and *Faction* seem to be made for one another. He enters upon the Stage with the Mein and Applause of Old *Sandford*, and fills every Spectator with Apprehensions of approaching Mischief; awakens our Fears, entertains our Horrors, alarms every pathetick Emotion about us, and leads our Expectations into crouded Scenes of Rapine, Bloodshed, Treachery and Confusion. His Wine, his Strumpet, his Dice, his Wit, his Rhetorick, his ill-gotten Spoils, are all Consecrated to *Party*. There is no under-part which he will not accept of, and adorn in acting it, so the Plot may be carried on to a surprizing and tragical *Catastrophe*. Every Church and Sect may reckon *Verres* in its Communion, whenever they can prove it to be for his Interest, and thereby get the better of his natural Inclination to be of no Religion at all. He dares Counterfeit *Christianity*, tho' no Disguise becomes him so ill, if ever there should be an occasion for the Party to begin a new Intrigue under that Vizor. The Vices of Youth, and Corruptions of the Age are his Harvest, the Vineyard in which he labours: He has Baits for every Debauchee, for every idle, gay, unguarded Wretch, for the Ravenous, the Ambitious, and the Disaffected; with which he catches Shoals of Proselites, and glories in a Legion of Revolters like himself. For these Reasons *Verres* is a First-rate *Hero* among the *Whigs*, and actually a *General for Life*. What others dare not own, he will boldly undertake; and carry on the Cause for its own sake, when there is no hope of Reward from the Spoils of the Wicked. Tho' a thousand *Piso*s should fall before him, the Honour of Attempting to Fire the World, is too Powerful a Temptation to be resisted.

Under these expert *Leaders* there marches a Body of *Subalterns*, fit for no other Station or Command. The Adventures in which they have distinguished themselves, and the Services they have done the Party, would swell a Volume, but are a Subject proper only for their own Historians. Some of them have perhaps bully'd a whole *Coffee-house*, or out-ly'd a Detachment from *Change-Alley*: Others have display'd themselves round a Bonfire upon a *Mock-Holiday*, and drank some daring *Health* to the Mob from a *Sash-Window*. One values himself for having *Bamboozled* a Parson, by dint of Swearing and Impudence: Another has done Wonders at a *Borough* in the Country, in a victorious Attack upon *Popery* and *Stale-Beer*: A Third has so manag'd Matters at a *Cock-Match* or a *Horse-Race*, that several Country *Squires* have been embarrass'd in their Interests, and thereby betray'd into a Distast against the Government: A Fourth lies under a Suspicion of having a hand in some *Pamphlets*, which were never yet answer'd: A Fifth was once reported to be in a *Messenger*'s Hands. The rest can either say of themselves,

—— *Nos* numerus *sumus*; ——

Or,

Vox, *& præterea Nihil.*

They are reckon'd very good *Auxiliaries*, so long as they make out their *Quota*, with *Noise* and *Numbers*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

On Saturday last was Published,

MIscellany Poems on several Occasions. Written by a Lady of Quality, Author of the Poem on the SPLEEN. Printed for Benj. Tooke at the Temple-gate, William Taylor in Pater-noster-row, James Round in Cornhill, and John Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

LONDON: Printed for *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1713.